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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## LOOKING FOR FLAWS.

Don't look for flaws as you go through life.  
And even when you find them  
It is wiser and kind to be somewhat blind  
And look for the virtue behind them.  
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light  
Somewhere in the shadow hiding;  
It is better by far to look for a star  
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away  
To the bosom of God's great ocean;  
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's  
course,  
And think to alter its motion.  
Don't waste a curse on the universe—  
Don't shriek at the trials before you;  
Don't butt at the storm with your puny  
form,  
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself  
To suit your whims to the letter;  
Some things must go wrong your whole life  
long.  
And the sooner you know it the better.  
It is folly to fight with the infinite,  
And go under at last in the wrestle.  
The wisest man shapes into God's plan  
As the water shapes into a vessel.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## SECRET OF A STILL.

Captain James Peters, riding  
home from a raid into the moon-  
shine counties, stopped at Jared's  
store and asked for adrink. A jug  
was taken from the shelf and a  
finger's length of clear, yellow  
whisky, was poured out.

"No moonshine in this sto', you  
see, captain," remarked Mr. Jared.

"Humph!" And the captain's  
keen eyes glanced toward the  
lounge in and about the store.  
"Reckon if I took a notion I could  
unearth some moonshine an' spot  
some moonshiners nor fur off."

"Captain, you mustn't be so  
suspicious."

Captain Peters only laughed.  
He was very good humored, this  
mountain terror, except when, as  
they would say, his blood was up.  
Then it was as safe to meet a starv-  
ing tiger.

"Seems to me if you had some-  
thing on your mind," remarked  
Mrs. Peters that same evening.

"Ye-es," said the captain, "I'm  
plagued about them Jared boys. I  
can't ketch 'em now."

A knock at the door, and a young  
fellow came in and shook hands  
eagerly with the captain. His name  
was Maddox. Captain Peters had  
picked him up in Nashville and  
employed him "on trial."

"I was jest a-speakin' o' the  
Jareds," he said. "I'm pretty  
sure they've got a still somewhar.  
They look me in the eye too power-  
ful innocent to be all right. Now  
I've just got a notion in my head,  
if I only had anybody I could trust"

—Maddox drew himself up alert,  
watchful as a lieutenant sentinel.

"What can't be done one way must  
be done another," said Captain  
Peters slowly, and he and Maddox  
had a long, whispered conference.

A few days later a peddler stop-  
ped at Bleylock's and asked for a  
drink of water. Old Mother Bley-  
lock sent Eliza to the spring for a  
fresh bucketful, and the peddler,  
after refreshing himself, opened his  
pack.

"Pears's if we oughtn't ter  
trouble you," she said, "cause we  
can't buy a pin's wuth."

"Jest for the pleasure, ma'am,"  
said the gallant peddler.

The pack was opened, and three  
pairs of eyes grew big with delight.

"F you'll stay till pa comes  
home, I'll make him buy me that  
collar," said Janey, the younger of  
the Bleylock girls.

"P'raps Dick Oscar'd buy you a  
present if he was here," suggested  
Eliza.

"If 'tain't makin' too free, I'd  
like to say I admire Dick Oscar's  
taste," said the peddler with an ad-  
miring glance.

Janey responded with, "Oh, you  
hush!" and a toss of her head, and  
old Mother Bleylock said, "The  
boys must generally always paid  
Janey a good deal o' attention."

She possessed a bold prettiness,  
this mountain pink. Brown skin-  
ned, black eyed, red lippped and a  
way of dropping her head on her  
swelling neck and looked mutiny  
from under her heavy brows. Eliza  
was a thin slip of a girl, with a  
demure but vacant look in her blue  
eyes, and a shy, nervous manner.

"I'll tell you the truth, ma'am,"  
remarked the peddler to the mo-  
ther, "you could take these girls o'  
yourn to Nashville, an people in  
the streets would follow them for  
their good looks. An that's heaven's  
own truth. All yo' family?"

"Lor no; I've got three boys."

"All at home farmin', I s'pose?"

"Yaas."

"Now, 'bout these goods o'  
mine," said the peddler. "If you  
could put me up for a few days, we  
might make a trade. I'm 's tired  
's a lame horse, an' wouldn't want  
nothin' better'n to rest right here."

"I'd like nothin' better'n to take  
you. But th' ain't no use sayin' a  
word till pa gets home. He ain't  
no hand fur strangers."

"Well, I won't be a stranger  
longer'n I can help," said the agree-  
able peddler. "My name's Pond—  
Marcus Pond—Nashville boy, but  
a rollin' stone, you know. I've  
peddled books an' sewing machines  
an' no end o' a lot of traps giner-  
ally. Pond of travel, you see, but  
jest's steady as old time. Never  
drink when I travel. Promised  
my mother I wouldn't."

"Tis a good thing," said Mother  
Bleylock, with energy. "I do de-  
spise to see a fuddled man. Whis-  
ky an't fit fur nuthin but to fatten  
hogs on."

Father Bleylock came home, and  
beyond a stare and a silent nod  
took little notice of the peddler.  
He was a tall man, thin, taciturn  
and yellow, and with a neck so  
small that his head presented the  
appearance of being stuck on with  
a pin.

He lighted his pipe, and after a  
soothing interval of smoking, "Ped-  
dler'd like to stop over a period,"  
said his wife.

"Puff, puff. "Don't see no ob-  
jection."

"Puff, puff.  
Mr. Pond, as he had promised,  
soon ceased to be a stranger. The  
old man discoursed on the griev-  
ances of taxes, and the old woman,  
after the manner of mothers, talked  
about her daughters.

"My gals is eddicated," she  
would say—"been over to Cookville  
months an month a-schoolin. But  
lor, thar's some folks you can't weed  
the badness out'n, an Janey's a  
spitfire, she is. Seem's if Dick  
Oscar wants to have her, but he acts  
kinder curious about it—blow hot,  
blow cold. Dunno. Now, Lizy is  
different. Can't tell wh'y, less'n 'tis  
that I went to camp meetin an  
professed awbile befo' she was born.  
Somehow she's always been deli-  
cate, an' a quiet like'n any of my  
children."

The Bleylock boys, easy, rollick-  
ing fellows, treated the peddler  
very much as if he had been a harm-  
less though unnecessary eat about  
the house and were surprised when  
Dick Oscar, dropping in one even-  
ing, informed them that they were  
all a pack of fools for "takin' in a  
stranger so free and easy."

"Why, I ain't paid no more at-  
tention to the man 'an if he'd a been  
a preacher," said Sam Bleylock.  
"Seems's if thar ain't no harm to  
him."

"He's a very God, fearin' man,"  
said Eliza softly, "an a powerful  
reader o' the Bible."

"F you'll take my say so, you'll  
git quit o' him," said Dick Oscar.

"He's got such beautiful taste,"  
said Mother Bleylock. "It's as  
good's goin to the city to look at  
his things."

"I see he's a-dressin' you up,"  
said Oscar, with a sneer at the new  
ribbons the girls wore round their  
necks.

Janey sprang up. Her face red-  
dened. In an instant she had torn  
off the ribbon and stamped her foot  
on it. "That's how much I care  
for him an' his ribbons!" she cried.

"Don't fly quite off the handle,"  
said Mr. Oscar coolly.

Poor Janey. She had hoped to  
please her lover by her scorn of the  
peddler's gift, but she was coming  
to the conclusion that he was a  
hard man to please. She was a  
passionate young animal, and she  
had thrown herself into his arms  
with a readiness that robbed her-  
self of her graces. He liked to  
sting and stroke her alternately,  
and was about as unsatisfactory  
as Janey could have found on the  
Cumberland. But she liked  
him, saw with his eyes, thought  
with his thoughts. Naturally she  
turned against the peddler, and  
from this time set herself to watch  
him.

That harmless young man in the  
meantime was doing what he  
could. He wandered about the  
country, selling such little things  
as the people could buy, "pump-

ing" the Bleylock boys and making  
love to the Bleylock girls. The  
pumping process was rewarded  
with about as much success as  
would attend fishing for a soul  
through the eye of a skeleton. In  
the lovemaking there was more  
hope.

Janey was accessible to flattery  
and encouraged him with little  
looks of fire. But there was some-  
thing in her eyes he did not trust,  
and he was a wary man, the ped-  
dler. Besides, she slapped his  
face when he tried to kiss her.  
But he soon grew to believe that  
Eliza—simple, unsuspicious, serious  
—would be as clay in his hands.

Chance favored Miss Janey. She  
was bathing one warm day in the  
creek that ran out from the spring  
when she saw Eliza and the peddler  
coming, like Jack and Jill, to fetch  
a pail of water. Being naked,  
Janey could not get away, but she  
slid along to a cool inlet overhung  
with tree branches, and so hidden  
waited for them to do their errand.  
Of course they stopped to talk.

"That pink ribbon becomes your  
black hair mighty," said the ped-  
dler.

Eliza blushed. "We're just  
country girls, you know, Mr. Pond.  
We don't have many pretty things.  
Seems as if the boys don't have any  
money left after buyin' the sugar  
an' flour, an molasses an things."

"Meat, I s'pose," said the prac-  
tical peddler.

"No; we raise our own meat. Pa  
has a powerful lot o' hogs."

"But I expect you don't take,  
much interest in country life, Mr.  
Pond?"

"Why," his arm around Eliza—  
"I'd like the best in the world to  
settle down in a country just like  
this. A fellow gits tired trampin'  
around. But I'd want two things  
to make me happy."

Eliza looked at him with happy  
confidence.

"First, a little wife that was  
gentle in her ways, an a good reli-  
gious girl, an' one with black hair  
to set off the pink ribbons I'd buy  
for her, an a fleet foot an a red mouth."

Here Mr. Pond came to a full  
stop with a kiss.

"An' the other thing?" with a  
bright blush.

The peddler grew practical again.  
"Well, it's nuthin' more'n some  
way to make a livin'. Now, say I  
married a sweet girl up the Cum-  
berland an' made a little crop. It's  
too far to git it to market. I might  
turn it into whisky, but lately gov-  
ment's turned meddler, an a-break-  
in's stills right an left through the  
country."

"They do hide 'em sometimes,"  
said Eliza in a half whisper, "so't  
a bloodhound could hardly scent  
'em. An a very good business it  
is, an the hogs live on the mash."

"Do you know o' any such stills,  
my little darlin'?"

But she drew back a little. "Ef  
I do know o' any," she said, "I've  
promised not to tell o' 'em."

"Not to the man as is goin' to be  
your husband?"

"Not to him until he is my hus-  
band." And blushing, but resolute,  
Eliza filled her pail and started for  
the house.

Under the water Janey clinched  
her hands. "Dick was right," she  
thought, "an' I see his game. He's  
a spy, an' Eliza's a fool."

She knew that she had heard  
enough to justify her lover in his  
suspicious, enough to put them all  
on their guard.

A passionate exultation fired her  
blood as she thought of the service  
she should render Dick Oscar, his  
praise, the reward of his rude kiss-  
es.

But, alas for Janey! Something  
had ruffled her sweetheart's temper  
when they next met. Before she  
could approach the subject of which  
she was full, stinging words had  
passed between them.

"Dick," said Janey, hoarsely,  
"d'you mean that you're goin' back  
from your word; that you ain't a  
goin, to marry me?"

"Marry h—I!" said Mr. Oscar,  
and he walked off.

"I want to speak to you," said  
Janey, that night to the peddler.

"Can you git up in the mornin be-  
fo' the folks is stirrin'?"

"Of course I can, when it's to  
meet a gal like you."

Privately he wondered at her pal-  
lor and lurid eyes.

Morning in. As the stars were  
drowsily, the out of the sun's  
way, Janey met a peddler met by  
the spring.

"You needn't lie to me," said she  
harshly. "I've found you out.  
You're up the Cumberland spyin' for  
wildcat stills. I'll take you to one."

"But my dear, is this a trap?  
I'm nothin' but a poor, harmless  
peddler."

"Come, then, my harmless ped-  
dler," said the girl, with a sneer,  
"an' I'll show you somethin' to make  
your mouth water."

She struck through the woods,  
and he followed, alternately blessing  
and wondering at his luck. What  
thread led her he knew not. Fallen  
logs lay in the ways, thickets  
opposed, dense foliage hid all signs  
of paths, but on she went, above,  
around, amid, athwart obstacles of  
every kind. And finally, girdled  
and guarded by trees and rocks,  
was the hidden still, where the corn  
was changed into the flowing moon-  
shine that maketh glad the heart of  
man.

The peddler could hardly keep  
back a shout. He had won his  
spurs. It was a much larger con-  
cern than he had expected. Some  
hogs were rooting about the sodden  
earth. The monotonous dripping  
of water mingled with the grunts  
of these poetic animals.

Janey leaned against a rock  
breathing heavily. The peddler  
thought he would about as soon  
touch a wild cat as speak to her.  
Nevertheless he did.

"B'long t' your folks?" he said.

"T' b'long to Dick Oscar, and  
you know it," said the girl fiercely.

"Now I'm going back home."

"Yo don't know of any more  
such," said the insatiate peddler,  
"lyin round loose up here?"

"I've done enough. An', look  
here. Keep your tongue between  
your teeth. Tell that I fetched you  
here, and you won't see many more  
sun ups with them spying eyes."

Mr. Pond was a tolerable woods-  
man, and he led Captain Peters  
and his scouts to the mountain still  
without trouble. They were all  
there—The Bleylock boys, the fa-  
ther and young Oscar. They were  
hard at work and, surprised, were  
handcuffed without the firing of a  
gun.

Who so crestfallen as the toiling,  
moiling, moonshiners? Who so  
jubilant as the long-whiskered  
captain? He would have sung a  
peean had he known how. As it  
was, he chewed a great deal of  
tobacco and unbuttoned his flannel  
shirt for expansion.

The prisoners were halted at the  
Bleylock cabin for baggage and  
goodbys. They were to go to the  
penitentiary.

Mrs. Bleylock and Eliza wept  
and moaned their fate; but Janey  
was still, her brown eyelids veiling the  
dull fire of her eyes.

"Janey, my girl," said Oscar,  
drawing her apart, "I spoke up  
rough to you t'other day. But  
don't mind it. 'Twarn't nuthin'  
but jealousy."

Her eyes softened. Mountain  
pinks, as well as some fine ladies,  
consider jealousy as tribute to their  
charms.

"Perhaps I'll never come back,"  
said he.

She seized him by the arm.

"Dick, what can they do to  
you?"

"Dunno. Most likely I'll kill  
somebody tryin' to git away an' be  
strung."

Janey burst into tears.

"Shouldn't wonder if you  
married one o' the Jareds," he said,  
piling on the gloom.

"Dick, Oscar, I promised to  
marry you, an' I don't go back from  
my word."

"No, an' I don't," cried Dick.  
"There isn't as pretty as shaped  
girl as you on the Cumberland, an'  
if ever I do git back—"

He whispered the rest in Janey's  
ear, and she clung to him, blushing  
a deep deep rose.

"S jest one thing I want to  
know," said old Bleylock, as they  
tramped to Nashville. "How'd  
you find us?"

The captain laughed.

"Been entertainin' a peddler,  
haven't you? Which one o' your  
gals'd he make up to?"

Father and brothers swore. Dick  
Oscar nodded to his discernment  
with human triumph.

A few days later a young girl  
walked into Nashville who had  
never been in a city before. She  
asked but one question—the way to  
the governor's house. That ac-  
cessible mansion was readily found;  
doors were swung open, and, an-  
nounced by a sleepy dandy, Janey  
Bleylock stood in the governor's  
presence.

With a fine and courteous man-  
ner that gentleman listened, struck  
by her figure, her full voice and  
passionate eyes. He promised to  
use his influence with the presi-  
dent to procure a pardon for Dick  
Oscar and the Bleylocks, and Janey  
was allowed to go to the prison with  
the cheering news.

The mountain girl was heard of  
in high circles. Hearts beat warm-  
ly in lovely southern bosoms, and  
they made a heroine of Janey.

"Why don't you marry here?"  
said a beautiful enthusiast, who  
had called to see Janey, and kissed  
her because she knew so well how to  
love. "Marry here and I'll give  
you a wedding dress."

"So we will," said Dick Oscar,  
when he was out of prison.

And Janey went home a wife, as  
if the stars had been diamonds  
and strung like a larkspur chain  
for her neck—father, brothers,  
husband, sheltering her in their  
love.

Mrs. Bleylock and Eliza ran to  
meet them. Eliza thought some  
one else would come with them.  
Had not her lover left her with a  
kiss and a promise to come back?

The pink ribbon was around her  
neck. Her lips were parted in a  
happy, vacant smile.

The old father was in advance.  
He thrust out his arm as Eliza  
drew near. "Don't you speak to  
me!"

"Pappy!"

"D—n your tatlin tongue! Keep  
away from my hands!"

The smile had gone. That vac-  
ant look spread over the face that  
turned helplessly to her brother.

"You ought to be whipped like a  
nigger," said Sam Bleylock.

"What'd you tell that peddler  
'bout Oscar's still for? Might 'a'  
known he was foolin' you."

"I didn't tell where the still was."

"Hoh, you lie, too." And her  
father, passing by struck her with  
the back of his hand.

"Shame on you, pappy!" and  
Janey ran to her sister, over whose  
lips the blood was pouring.

Her husband drew Janey away.  
"Don't touch her," he said, with a  
look of disgust. "She ain't fit."

A wild, terrified look swept over  
Janey's face. Should she grasp at  
the wind blowing in the treetops  
above her? She caught Dick Os-  
car's arm, holding it fiercely. Here  
was something to clasp, to cling to.  
Her soul shivered in her ardent  
body.

Afterward Eliza Bleylock seemed  
to wither away. She repeated her  
denial of having been a traitor, but  
no one ever believed her. She  
worked hard, and was used roughly.  
She had never been strong. Some-  
times she stole away, and nursed  
Janey's baby, who seemed to love  
her. But never when Dick Oscar  
was at home.

One day, sitting by the spring  
alone, too weak since a long time to  
work, she leaned her head against  
a tree and with one moan, too faint  
to startle the singing birds, she died.

Her mother and Janey dress-  
ed her cleanly and tied around her  
neck a pink ribbon that they found  
in her Bible. And she was buried,  
with very little said about it in the  
valley.—*Sherwood Bonner in  
Argonaut.*

## Boys and Men.

Dull boys often become clever  
and successful men, but this is  
simply on account of the fact that  
dull boys are only slow boys, and it  
takes more time for their brains to  
grow than the others. It is steady  
work, ceaseless endeavor, that tells.

Then, again, we forget that a bright  
boy may be handicapped by other  
qualities. He may not have the  
physical strength or energy of the  
other, while the dull boy is carried  
forward by never failing energy  
and strength, for it is often his  
dullness at school which makes the  
dull boy's subsequent success so  
conspicuous.

How many dull boys have become

still duller men! Like the old re-  
proach about ministers' sons, one  
bright boy that turns out ill is made  
to stand for the whole class, and  
one dull boy that turns out well  
glorifies his whole class. Notwith-  
standing all our inventions, all our  
progress, the old Scripture doctrine  
still holds goods—that men reap  
what they sow and cannot gather  
grapes of thistles nor figs of thorns.

It can be set down, therefore, as an  
established rule that bright boys  
generally do turn out to be bright  
men, and dull boys generally do  
turn out to be dull men.—*Good  
Housekeeping.*

How Typhoid Fever is Spread.

Typhoid fever is generally re-  
garded at the present day, along  
with cholera and some other dis-  
eases, as belonging to the class of  
"waterborne" affections. In other  
words, it is believed that the germs  
of such diseases are carried and  
perhaps propagated, in water.

There is little doubt that this  
theory of typhoid fever is correct,  
and that in tracing any extended  
epidemic of the disease to its source  
we must first of all examine into the  
condition of the water supply.

Drinking water has proved to be  
the cause of the spread of typhoid  
fever in many epidemics in this  
country and England; but there is  
little comfort in this for those who  
habitually drink something stronger  
than water, because, although  
during an epidemic the drinking  
water may be safe by boiling, this  
is not enough.

If the water is contaminated, the  
germs may be introduced into the  
body while brushing the teeth or  
washing the face. Or again, salads  
and fruits which are eaten raw may  
be contaminated by the water in  
which they are washed. Typhoid  
fever has sometimes been spread in  
a city whose water supply was  
above reproach by means of milk  
and ice.

Milk need not be watered in order  
to become a vehicle of typhoid  
germs; the germs may be introduced  
into cans and bottles while these  
are being washed in water drawn  
from a contaminated well or brook  
at the dairy. Although destroyed  
by boiling typhoid germs will resist  
a freezing temperature for a long  
time, and have been found in ice  
cut from a pond poisoned with  
sewage containing the bacilli of this  
disease.

Another means of the spread of  
typhoid has recently been dis-  
covered in oysters. Oystermen  
frequently place oysters in brackish  
water near the mouth of a creek or  
river in order to fatten them before  
they are brought to market. If  
this place happens to be near the  
mouth of a sewer containing typhoid  
poison, or if the creek water be  
contaminated, the oysters will take  
the virus within their shells, and so  
revenge themselves on those who  
eat them raw.

In some puzzling cases of typhoid  
it has been supposed that the food  
was infected by flies, which had  
carried the germs a long distance  
on their feet—a strong argument  
for the proper care of food in the  
fly season.

These are only a few of the ways  
in which this disease may be spread,  
but they are enough to show that,  
so far from feeling surprised that  
the disorder should be so common,  
we may rather wonder that we are  
not all its victims.

## Gladstone as a Linguist.

A remarkable illustration of the  
scope of Mr. Gladstone's power as  
a linguist was given many years  
ago, when he addressed an assembly  
on the island of Corfu in modern  
Greek, a little later spoke to an  
assembly in Florence in Italian, a  
few days later conversed with ease  
in German with Bismarck, soon  
afterward responded in fluent  
French to a toast at a banquet in  
Paris, and then crossed the chan-  
nel to deliver a fine speech in  
parliament on the budget.

Bavaria has 28 pencil factories,  
employing 10,000 people and produc-  
ing 4,000,000 black and 300,000 col-  
ored pencils per week.

## OFF FOR CUBA.

A GREAT JOKE UPON TWO OF OUR  
DEAF-MUTE—VISITORS.

From the Palm Beach, Fla., News.

Prof. Chas. Kerney of the elegant-  
ly furnished cottage owned by Mr.  
Adams, of chewing gum fame, and  
H. L. Rhode, of Indiana went to  
West Palm Beach, shopping, Satur-  
day evening. They intended to re-  
turn to Palm Beach on the mail  
train.

They had previously ridden on  
the train several times. But the  
innocent deaf-mutes did not know  
that the train from the north now  
stops at Palm Beach before it goes  
over to West Palm Beach. Thus  
they got on the wrong train and  
were carried on the fast express,  
south toward Cuba.

The conductor had to stop the  
train for the two gentlemen to get  
off. But they had to tramp home  
on the sand over long, weary miles  
in the dark. The conductor  
thoughtfully advised the deaf not  
to walk on the track, for another  
mail train from the south would  
appear within a while. After they  
had walked steadily for some time,  
they began to wonder if they would  
reach Jacksonville before they got  
to Palm Beach.



THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;

Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

PRINCIPAL CURRIER has just returned to Fanwood from a trip westward for the purpose of a personal observation of the practical workings of some of the leading institutions. The time occupied in making a circuit that embraced the Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Flint Institutions, was ten days. He travelled 2,609 miles, saw 1,734 deaf children and 250 blind children, as well as 2,300 insane (acknowledged) persons. He met 100 teachers of the deaf, and noted the work they were doing. As a result, he expresses much gratification at what is being done for the deaf children in these live and progressive schools. The Ohio correspondent of the JOURNAL remarks, he is the first Principal who has gone West in search of information regarding the education of the deaf. This does not indicate that things in the East have come to a standstill; but rather that he recognizes there are features in the institutions that lie to the westward which may be introduced and prove effective in even the most up-to-date establishment for the cultivation of the intelligence of the deaf.

The writer had an interesting interview with Principal Currier in relation to his pilgrimage in search of the progressive, and the gist of the whole is that he feels well repaid for the time and expense incurred. To go slightly into detail, along with the results of personal inspection, he brought back from the Ohio and Indiana Institutions "Courses of Instruction" that can be studied at leisure, and which a casual glance is enough to stamp them as valuable and systematic.

At the Illinois school in Jacksonville, he was treated with the greatest courtesy and kindness, and was especially impressed with the good work being done in aural teaching. Without disparaging any of the other schools, he gives it as his opinion that the Ohio and Illinois Institutions take the lead in this branch of education.

At the Indiana Institution he found that a marvel of system prevailed, and that the work in the industrial department, which had been handicapped for so many years by the private contract system, has received great impetus since that evil was done away with.

At the Michigan Institution he had a very pleasant and profitable visit. Principal Clarke was an old-time colleague in the teaching corps of the New York Institution. Consequently an inspection of the excellent work being done at that Institution had an added personal interest. The photographs and specimens of industrial work which Principal Clarke presented to him, afford quite an insight into the workings of the school. The wood-working department, as is well known, ranks at the top among schools for the deaf. Two specimens room in Principal Currier's office attest this. They are a pair of Indian clubs, inlaid with half-a-dozen different kinds of wood, so that their well-turned and polished surfaces represent a series of geometrical designs. Another specimen is a pyrographic bread board, which shows in a circle a series of ears of corn with the husks half removed. They have been burned in

with excellent taste and faithfully portrayed. The photographs show the Cottage Hospital, which, when there is no contagious sickness, is used as a cooking school. The dining room of this cooking school is also shown, and another view represents the class of girls, in English aprons and caps, engaged in the delightful occupation of making pies under the eye of their instructor. Other photographs show class rooms of different grades, a dormitory with little tots in their nightgowns, and some pretty girls engaged in singing by signs "Near-er, my God, to Thee." Turner Industrial building, which has been erected since the teachers held their convention at Flint a few years ago, looks well adapted to the purpose, and the interior views set forth the printing office, the tailoring and dressmaking classes. There are also photographs of the art class, and two classes of girls in gymnasium dress—one of which is engaged in exercise with the "medicine ball," and the other in calisthenics. Altogether the exhibits which Principal Currier brought from Flint, will be viewed with pride and pleasure by old-time pupils and friends of Principal Clarke in New York and vicinity.

Perhaps it will be interesting to learn of an afternoon spent at the Illinois State Institution for the Blind, where Principal Currier was entertained by Superintendent Frank H. Hall. Supt. Hall, besides being a noted educator of the blind, is also a mechanical genius. He has constructed a typewriter that prints for the blind in the Braille system of dots. He presented specimens of the work which this ingenious contrivance turns out, one of which was a card with the work: "Compliments of the season, in language that can be felt," which was supplemented by the Christmas and New Year's greetings, between which are the words "Love is Blind." The other exhibit of the Braille work on the typewriter is the "Grace before Meat," which the pupils of the New York Institution all repeat orally (keeping time with the head tutor's fingers), before each meal:

"Thou art great and Thou art good,  
And we thank Thee for this food.  
By Thy hand must we be fed.  
Give us, Lord, our daily bread."

In calling attention to the appearance in book form of Anthony Hope's play, "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," Harper's *Literature* notes that the practice of publishing current plays is on the increase. This bit of information will prove interesting to the deaf. The absence in book form of popular plays has been a great drawback to those of the class who are fond of the theatre. Unless the play is one which has created a furore—as in the case of "Cyrano de Bergerac," it is hardly ever to be found on book-counters or in other places of general accessibility. As a result, the deaf are compelled to depend upon the meager reviews appearing in the dramatic columns of the daily press, or to beg an outline of some hearing friend who has attended. More of them attend the plays and depend on the "situation" to give them an inkling of the plot. When playwrights realize the "growing sympathy between the reading and the theatre-going public"—the explanation of the increasing practice given by *Literature*—and have their plays published concurrently with the stage production, then indeed will the millennium of the deaf theatre-goer have arrived.

We extend thanks to Mr. William L. Hanson, for the donation of sixteen group photographs to the JOURNAL office "art gallery." The groups chiefly represent persons and scenes at Fanwood during the eighties.

Henry L. Rhode, of Indiana, near Chicago, is cozily domiciled at the Palm Beach Cottage for the winter. He used to go to school at Evansville, Ind., under Prof. Charles Kerney, the deaf-mute teacher, and one of the cottagers of this resort. Mr. Rhode has spent a winter in California but he admires Florida much more. "The people have been watching them talking in their interesting deaf-mute language. Prof. Kerney seems to have stories enough to kill his former pupil who has been laughing heartily all the time. Mr. Rhode is reported to be one of the most successful farmers in the great state of Natural Gas. He travels every winter.—Palm Beach, Fla., News.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

A Hop in Honor of the Football Champions.

STORIES OF CREATION.

Brief Items of News.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 30, '99.—The event of the week in a social sense was the dance in honor of the football team, given by the students Saturday night. The dancing began at about eight and lasted until eleven o'clock.

The program was as follows:

PART I.

- Grand March.....The Champions
1. Waltz.....G. C. A. 78
2. Two-step....."Guards Back"
3. Waltz....."C-X-15"
4. Two-step....."O. Georgetown."
5. Waltz....."35-25"
6. Two-step....."Goal Kick"
7. Waltz.....The Rooters

Intermission.

PART II.

- Promenade.....The Reserves
1. Waltz....."Close Formation."
2. Waltz....."C-X-15"
4. Two-step....."O. Hopkins."
5. Waltz....."35-25"
6. Two-step....."Goal Kick"
7. Waltz.....The Banner.

Bon Soir.

During the intermission refreshments, consisting of ice-cream and cake, were served. On the black-board above the chapel platform was drawn a picture of a player in the act of tackling another carrying the ball; a sponge and bucket; tin horns; and a "lady rooter" flourishing her horn and colors. From each lamp standard on the side of the platform was suspended one of the banners which we have won in the league games. The majority seemed to think that this year's banner is the handsomest of the two.

Prof Hall's Lecture, one of the Faculty series, delivered Friday night, was somewhat as follows:

ANCIENT AND MODERN STORIES OF CREATION.

Of all the questions that natural phenomena have made men ask since men first lived in the world one of the most interesting has always been: "How was the earth made and how did men come to live on it?"

Among ancient peoples and savages who understand very little of natural laws, and who knew very little about our great world, we find what is to be expected, that the stories of creation are very simple.

Our Indians were savages not of the lowest order but still possessing no literature, no written language and few ideas of natural laws. From them we have the following story.

In the beginning there was a great sea on the surface of which floated a large raft. In this raft lived all the animals under the rule of Nichabo, the great rabbit. The animals very much desired a large and more comfortable place to live in. So Nichabo said he would make them a new world if he could get a little piece of mud from the bottom of the sea. He sent down the best divers, the otter and the beaver, again and again, but they could not reach the bottom. At last the muskrat asked to be allowed to try. All the others laughed at her. She dove down, however, and after a long time she floated to the surface exhausted. She was pulled aboard the raft and in one paw found a small piece of mud. Nichabo took this and from it made a new world. He made trees by shooting his arrows in the ground, and he taught the other animals how to work and get food. He made the light and the darkness, and from his marriage with the brave muskrat all the human race descended.

Another story we get from the Norsemen. They were more advanced than the Indians, and so told a more complicated story. In the beginning, they say, the world was all a mist, in the center of which rose a great fountain of water. This water as it flowed away froze. From another world of heat and light came warmth, that melted the ice and made vapor from which sprang Yonir, the frost giant, and his cow on whose milk he lived. The cow used to get her food by licking the salt ice. One day she licked the ice from hair; the next day as she kept licking, a head appeared, and on the third day the whole form of a god sprang forth. He married a giantess (but whence she came we are not told) and they had three sons, Odin, Vili and Ve. Those three slew Yonir and made from his body a new world. His hair formed the trees, his bones the mountains, his blood the seas, his brain the clouds, and his skull the heavens. Odin made the trees and plants grow in the new world, made the sun, moon and stars to light it. Then he walked about the new world and enjoyed his work. But he saw that men were needed to rule the earth, so he made man from

the ash tree and woman from the alder.

Then we have a story with which we all are familiar, the wonderful story of the Jews, which we find in the Bible. The other two stories do not truly go back to the beginning. The Bible story does and says "In the beginning" God created heaven and earth. Then it tells how he developed from a formless mass the land, the plants, the stars and sun and moon, the fish and fowl, and then land animals and man.

Since all these stories were written down, wise men have discovered many wonderful laws and facts about our universe, and have endeavored to fill out the simple and meager early accounts of creation with a story that will agree with all the facts and laws that we know.

In the first place, the modern story must recognize the law of gravitation. Secondly, the laws of conservation of force and matter; and thirdly, it must explain the facts we have learned about the movements of our solar system. We find our solar system composed of light planets moving about the sun in the same plane, in almost circular orbits in the same direction that the sun rotates. We find also that their own axial rotation, and the axial and orbital rotation of their satellites, is in general in the same plane and direction with the planetary movements. The small planets are cold and hard, the large ones soft and hot.

The story, which scientists give to explain all this, is called the nebular hypothesis. It was first thought of by Swedenberg, Kant and Laplace, independently, in the last century. It has been changed somewhat since then, to agree better with more recent facts that have been brought to light. The nebular hypothesis says that in the beginning there was a nebula—a hot gas of very light consistency pervading the space of our solar system and far beyond. This, through the law of gravitation, assumed a spherical shape. Motion was set up by the fact that some parts were not of equal density as others and this developed into a circular motion just as that of water running from the bottom of a tub. The gas being hotter than its surroundings, gave off heat and so contracted. But in order to keep up the same momentum as it had before (for it could lose no momentum by the law of the conservation of energy) it must have rotated faster and faster. By contracting it also maintained its original temperature. The more the contraction the more rapid was the motion about the axis, till the mass flattened at the poles and bulged at its equator. This bulging increased, and the rapidity of revolution caused lumps or rings to separate from the outside edge. These masses naturally kept up their motion in the same direction and plane of the motion of the original mass. The lumps or rings assumed spherical form as before explained with the nebula and made our planets. Lumps or rings again separated from the smaller mass, and made the satellites. Gradually crusts formed on the outer surface of the smaller ones as they contracted, so they could contract no longer and began to lose their heat. Then on our planet plant life and animal life began, ending with the development of man.

This wonderful story explains many things we know now to be true. It explains the nebula still in the heavens. It explains the flattening of the planets at their poles. We can see also the smallest planets would cool off the fastest and become hard and cold, as Mercury and Venus are, while the outer and large planets are still soft and warm. It explains the rings on Saturn, the previous heat of our own earth and the fact that the earth is still hot inside.

Probably no theory ever carried so wide a range of facts.

Yet when we compare this complicated story with the simple tale of the Bible, we see many resemblances. In the first lack of form of the world we can see the nebula. In the development of sea, land, plants, and animals and man, we can see the same order in both stories.

But the great necessity that we must have impressed on us more and more as we study this wonderful theory with all its laws of unchangeable truth, is that we must go back to the Bible story and confess "In the beginning" God created heaven and earth. We see the absolute necessity of an All-Wise Creator. He made the formless mass in the beginning. He made the laws which we are finding more wonderful every day. His wonderful wisdom and creative power working unerringly for perhaps millions of years developed the world and we who live in it.

The latest student to arrive is J. C. Harvin, of Texas. He was expected last fall, but was detained at home in connection with a lawsuit against a railway company, for damages which he received in an accident on its road. The train ran over him, severing his right leg below the knee completely, and

breaking his left hip. His hearing, which was fair before the accident, was lost in it, also. The courts gave him a verdict for \$10,000; but the appeal of the company to the higher courts has not been passed upon yet. He joins the Introductory Class. All that saved his life was his presence of mind in catching hold of the brakes under the engine and holding on after his foot was mashed off. He was carried quite a distance in that way before the train stopped.

Prof. Hotchkiss has not been able to meet his classes the past week, on account of illness with the grip.

The Students have decided to give a "gymnasium" exhibition on the night of February 21st. Stutsman, '99, is in charge of the arrangements.

Miss Okie, '01, attended the charity ball given at the armory for the benefit of the children's hospital, on Tuesday night last.

Miss Marshall, '00, was present at the reception at the Chinese Legation Friday, and seems quite elated over the fact that for once in her life she has tasted real tea.

The girls had a basket ball game with the girls of the Friend's Select School to day—score not yet known.

In response to a letter inviting him to lecture before the "Lit" on the Santiago Campaign, General Joseph Wheeler said that he would gladly do so now but was very busy, though he would try to accept in the future.

Won't some body tell a certain Fresh what time "gym" exercise begins?

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

FEBRUARY 5TH—SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, Holy Communion.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, Holy Communion.

Trinity Church, Newark.

St. John's Church, Yonkers.

On Sunday, February 12th, Rev. Mr. Koehler is expected at St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, at 3 P.M., and St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes at 8 P.M.

DIED.

In New York City, January 6th, Mr. Emanuel F. Rascoli, aged 44.

In Brooklyn, January 15th, Mr. Jacob Swartz, aged 62.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiated at the funeral of the former and Rev. Dr. Chamberlain of the latter. Both of our departed friends were graduates of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes. They fought the battle of life bravely, and had the Christian's hope for the future life.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

FEBRUARY.

- 4—evening, Detroit. Social gathering Ephraiah Mission.
- 5—10:30 A.M., Detroit. Holy Communion.
- 5—3:00 P.M., Detroit. Service and Sermon. Baptism.
- 6—7:00 P.M., Flint. Lecture.
- 7—8:00 A.M., Flint.
- 7—7:30 P.M., Grand Rapids. Service.
- 11—7:30 P.M., Pittsburg. Meeting of members of St. Margaret's Mission.
- 12—11:00 A.M., Pittsburg. Holy Communion.
- 12—7:30 P.M., Kittanning. Special Service.
- 13—7:30 P.M., Oil City. Special Service.
- 14—7:00 P.M., Erie. Service.
- 14—3:30 P.M.—10:30, Erie. Social.

Other appointments may be made between these dates, in which case, notice will be given by mail. Write to the Rev. Mr. Mann, Gambier, Ohio.

Rev. H. Van Allen's Appointments.

- SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 5.
- 10:30 A. M.—St. Paul's, Troy.
- 3:30 P. M.—St. Paul's, Albany.
- SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12.
- 10:30 A. M.—St. Paul's, Troy.
- 3:30 P. M.—St. George's, Schenectady.

OBITUARY.

Cornelius Cuddeback, a well-known and intelligent farmer, deaf-mute, residing about four miles south of Lyons, died January 19th, 1899, aged 70 years and 4 months. He was a just, conscientious man, and a firm and uncompromising Christian. Near the end he desired to see his pastor, Rev. Dr. Ostrander, of Lyons, who lost no time in going there. It was a very comforting visit to both the pastor and the man. The funeral occurred yesterday, and was largely attended, among them being deaf-mutes, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Tuttle, of Geneva; Mrs. Rebecca Cross, Mrs. J. D. Piekens and Mrs. Jeffers. Mrs. Piekens is a sister of Mr. Cuddeback, who came from her home in West Virginia before Thanksgiving and remained throughout his illness. Mr. Cuddeback leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters to mourn him.—*Geneva Advertiser*, Jan. 24.

OBITUARY.

On the 7th of November, 1898, Mr. Jacob Swartz was admitted to St. Catherine's Hospital, Brooklyn, suffering from a severe illness. He was given the best of care and lingered till the 16th of January, 1899, when his soul departed to its Maker. The interment was in Cypress Hill Cemetery, Brooklyn. He was one of the pupils of the old 50th Street School and graduated in 1857. He was 61 years old. He leaves a daughter, who is living with her aunt in New York City. His sister, Mrs. Eva S. Rusk, is living in Brooklyn.

CHICAGO.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Eloquent Tribute.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

This and That.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Post Office.]

Away back in the seventies, one pleasant morning, just as the male and female pupils had marched in the newly-erected chapel of the Indiana Institution, and were seated preparatory to the opening of the morning services, their quick eyes perceived a strange gentleman, bearded like a pard and in the prime of manhood, occupying a place in the pulpit along with their revered and beloved superintendent, Thomas McIntyre. They seemed to be enjoying a most animated conversation. No one knew who he was, though curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch. When the monitor had come in dragging in the usual recalcitrant youngster by the coat collar, the Superintendent rose and said that he had the honor of introducing to us a gentleman from New York City and distinguished for his work among the deaf-mutes. Then he introduced to us, "The Rev. Thomas Gallaudet." The Superintendent took a seat and left him to talk to us in the pictorial language of signs for he needed no interpreter for his mother-tongue. The doctor opened the big chapel bible, and choosing the text about "he that controlleth his temper is better than he that taketh a city," cited, by way of illustration, Grant's strenuous efforts and final success in capturing Vicksburg. The doctor's resemblance to General Grant somewhat made the illustration more striking. Finally, he turned to the boys in the front row and with a twinkle of his eye said, "Boys, I can tell you a secret, and it is that you all can become a greater general than Grant 'himself. Hold up your hands, if you want to know." Hands went up like lightning, which amused the doctor. "Well," he said, "You can be a bigger man than Grant by controlling your tempers." The simple but eloquent prayer that followed could hardly repress the ripple of humor that spread over the school. His own words at the dedication of St. Ann's Church of being at the end of his earthly pilgrimage, recalls this incident of his life. Thirty years have passed since, but how crowded with fragrant results. Through his own efforts and those of most able assistants, children have been baptized, young and old people admitted to church, and the sacred dead buried with reverential rites. Man can do no more this side of the earth. Rarely will the congregation of St. Ann's have another chance to see the Nestor of the Episcopalian field surrounded by such distinguished workers as Messrs. Mann, Koehler, Cloud, Dantzer and Whildin.

Guided by the star of the east, the three wise men or magi met in a certain spot in a desert, and by following it came to Jerusalem. They inquired for the "King of the Jews," which, coming to Herod's ears led him to ordering the Scribes to look up ancient rolls, which declared Bethlehem was to be the place of birth of the coming king of the Jews. Straight to the sacred spot they rode, till they found the infant in the manger of a stable. Reverently they bowed before him, and left, avoiding Jerusalem and Herod. Then followed the flight of Joseph, Mary and the infant into Egypt, to avoid Herod's soldiers, and the slaughter of the innocents and the weeping of Rachel. Such was the discourse of Rev. Mr. Mann's communion sermon in the morning, at Trinity Episcopal Church, on Michigan Avenue. The afternoon service was occupied in explaining a new society for the deaf-mutes, of Chicago, as suggested by the Rev. C. W. Richardson, rector of the church in his own words:

"I think it is the first time I ever tried to talk with my mouth shut. And it makes me think of a story I once heard of an Irishman, who fell into a well. The well was so deep and dark that nothing could be seen of him. Another Irishman, who had been with him, leaned over the edge of the well, and cried out—'Pat, are you dead?' And then out of the darkness came a voice—'No, I am not dead, but speechless.'"

"So, although I am not dead, I am speechless. I cannot talk. So, here, you have the start of me."

"Now, I cannot tell how glad I am to welcome you here to-night. I have several times met Mr. Mann and some of you. I have thought that you ought to have a common place of meeting where you could come together and enjoy yourselves. Some time ago, I wrote to

Mr. Mann, asking him to offer our Parish House to you for your use, if you would organize a social club and choose a night each week and use it.

"There are several rooms and halls, some large, some small. There are all sorts of societies using. There are all sorts of things being taught in it. And there are now 950 persons in all kinds of classes studying everything from cooking and typewriting to religion. We have a big reading room which you can use freely any day in the week. We have a big gymnasium which is also at your service."

"We have a kitchen with complete set of dishes and a big gas range, where you could get up any kind of little refreshments for a social meeting. Now all this with heat and light and attendance you may have, if you will take it without any charge at all. It is free."

The rooms he offers to an organized society consists of a gymnasium and reading-room at top, kitchen, dining halls and a large reception room on second floor, and some more rooms to spare. A most generous offer, indeed, and which will be taken advantage of in the near future. The Episcopal Church members, naturally, feel grateful to the Rector for his offer.

Some thirty-five persons attended Mr. Thomas' party, in the spite of zero weather, and thus lost the chance of organizing a new club, with rooms thrown in free. They enjoyed themselves very much, on *du*, and indulged in games of the blind man's buff, riddles, etc. Mr. Thomas, as a confirmed old bachelor, was photographed surrounded by a bevy of girls.

Austin Atkinson, once foreman, of the shoe shop of the Indiana School, has moved to Clyde, Ill. In addition to shoemaking, he has taken up dairying and finds it profitable. Austin has some interesting stories to relate and they are worth reproducing. During the war, he was in Kentucky, and came near getting shot by Confederate sentries. He had to make violent signs that he could not hear and was sent out of the spot. In 1864, he joined a caravan with two other deaf-mutes, Messrs. Wall and Cook, and between tramping and riding in the wagons, reached California after six months. He managed to do so without a cent in pocket, but by being handy with his shoemaker's tools. He sojourned in San Francisco and Oakland for several years and came back by the Union Pacific, it costing him \$1300. He saw Brigham Young and his several wives and numerous children in Salt Lake City, going there. No; he did not apply for the job of special shoemaker to the whole family. Yes; had enough of adventure with the Indians and animals of the plains to fill a dime novel.

Bishop McLaren will confirm all persons so applying on April 16th, at 10 A.M. In so doing, he will be assisted by two other bishops.

INDIANA.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It has been some time since I wrote to your paper, and will endeavor to write a few lines which may interest your readers. On the 19th of October, '98, at the home of the bride's parents at Starecity, occurred the marriage of Roscoe Eckman and Della Saine. Mr. Eckman owns a forty-acre farm at Majenica.

Born—November 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. John Alt, of Brehum, Ohio, a daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Alt have many friends in Indiana, who will wish them much happiness in the company of the new heir. Mrs. Alt, whose maiden name was Miss Mary J. De Hoff, of Briant, Ind., was married to Mr. Alt, on December 29th, 1887.

David S. Eiss and his sister, Mrs. Caroline Shepherd, of New Corydon, were the guests of Amos French and family over Sunday, on December 8th, while the snow was good they went on sleigh riding.

Mr. James F. Lafever, formerly of Dublin, and Miss Julia E. Hancock, formerly of the Evansville district, were married at the home of the bride's best friends, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Dawson, at Alexandria, Wednesday evening, November 23d. The groom and bride are both graduates of the Indiana School. Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Wilcutts, of Marion, Messrs. Cooper and Merchants, and others, of Anderson, were present to attend their wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Lafever went to housekeeping in Anderson.

Mrs. Edward S. Leach, of Fairmount, who has been in a critical condition with rheumatism for the past three months, is improving at present.

As to results of last election, John French, Jr., brother of Amos French, was elected County Assessor, at Bluffton.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Krueger, of Bloomington, spent the holidays with the latter's friends in Warren and Bluffton. Mr. Krueger is employed on the Bloomington *World*.

Frank E. Masterson has accepted a good position with the Workman Furniture & Upholstery Shop, at Bluffton.



## NEW YORK.

### Happenings Among the Silent Fraternity.

#### MORE ABOUT THE BALL.

#### C. L. Schindler's Important Business—Lodge, Club, Society, Church and Guild Murmurs, and Personal Tid-Bits.

Theo. J. Lounsbury's address is 208 East 59th Street, New York City.

A prominent personage at the Union League's recent ball of whom mention should have been made was Principal H. F. Mitchell, of the Lexington Avenue School, who was introduced to many of the deaf. He is a pure oralist, and although he can use the manual alphabet, he refuses to do so, but in spite of this, he created a good impression, and the deaf are glad to see such good young men as him and Mr. Gruver trusted with the care and education of so many children as attend that school.

Miss Pancoast was also among those who attended the Union League's ball, and her presence was the cause of surprise and pleasure to her old-time schoolmates of the old 44th Street School, of which she was among the earliest pupils. She has not been seen for many years. She was accompanied by Mrs. Kate Wright, another old-time graduate. Both come of well-known families; the former is a daughter of the senior partner of the firm of Pancoast & Archer, the famous makers of fixtures and chandeliers, and the latter, the daughter of Mr. Ed. Kearney, the well-known turfman and part owner of the Saratoga Racing Association.

Mr. George Brown was another surprise at the ball. He was among the first six members of the Union League in 1886; soon resigned and was not seen until then.

Miss Essie H. Spanton was also there and was welcomed by her former schoolmates of the Lexington Avenue School. She looked charming as ever, and was accompanied by a hearing gentleman.

Probably the best dressed young lady at the ball was Miss Elsie Blum, of the High Class of the Lexington Avenue School, and she was constantly the cynosure of all eyes.

The Union League has leased a larger room in the Central Opera House, and it will be ready for occupancy on February 1st. It will fitted up sumptuously, with a view to the comfort and pleasure of the members. The rapid increase in membership and excellent returns of its investments is the cause of the club's seeming prosperity.

And still its roster augments, Harry C. Dickerson and Henry L. Bertine having joined the club last week. They both live out of town.

Milton D. Bachrach, brother of Arthur, who acted as floor manager at the ball, has gone to New Mexico in search of health, and may eventually become a ranchman. It is said that he was troubled with the same cause that induced Col. Roosevelt to live on a ranch out west years ago.

William Konzelman, of Brooklyn, has just recovered from a severe attack of the grip.

Charles L. Schindler's badge and ribbon printing business is having its capacity taxed to the utmost at present, requiring extra hands. Alex. McIlwraith attends to the ribbon and hat-label printing as well as going around after orders. Mr. Schindler started four years ago and is known to about every society in New York and Brooklyn by reason of the beautiful white metal engravings he puts on badges, and which he originated. During the month of January he took in seventy orders averaging \$10 each, and this shows that his business is not by any means a small one. During rush seasons he employs six to eight hands.

The League of Elect Surds meets at 547 West 157th Street Saturday evening. The Probationers will be advanced, and others be initiated to the probationary degree.

The Executive Committee of the Sient Wheelmen met Saturday evening and decided on plans concerning the affairs of the club.

I. N. Soper visited the cycle show last week twice, and his verdict is that the new Victor chainless wheel is the best he has yet seen, but he prefers the chain gear for the present, and being a pattern maker and a machinist, his opinion is entitled to consideration.

Adolph Pfeiffer's father died last Wednesday, the 18th, at the age of 61 years. He was a member of a number of lodges and societies, and his funeral was largely attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Goldfogle have removed to 18 East 132d Street, and any one having business with Mr. Goldfogle, either in regard to law or life insurance, can see him there evenings, or write to him.

The *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, of January 23d, devotes nearly a whole page to a description of the

Lexington Avenue School, with cuts of Principals Mitchell and Gruver and of a kindergarten class. It also tells of the early education of the deaf back to two hundred years, and attempts to show the superiority of oral teaching, and cites a few examples of expert lip-readers.

The parishoners of St. Ann's Church meet at the church this Thursday evening. All are welcome, whether members or not.

It is proposed to change the name of the Guild of Silent Workers, to one more broad in its scope and accordingly make the work of the Guild more so; and it is also proposed to amend the section in the constitution which provides that only those baptized can hold office, so that any one may be eligible.

It is now decided that the League of Elect Surds will give an entertainment and ball some time in April, and Alex. L. Pach is now preparing a play for the occasion.

Gus. Fersenheim had quite a gathering at his house, 707 East 148th street, Friday evening, to celebrate his 76th birthday. Mr. Fersenheim has been employed at the Post Office for twenty-nine years. He has a parrot at his house that will lift one leg and twirl its claws in imitation of the deaf whenever the bell rings, which proves a source of great amusement to his guests.

Edward Thimme, who is receiving a good deal of newspaper notice as Secretary of the Drug Clerk's League, was at one time a supervisor at Fanwood.

A few deaf-mutes were sitting in a downtown cafe, Saturday night, when one of them tried to pick the pocket of another. His deft fingers were in the pocket, when he was caught in the act and a blow sent him sprawling on the floor. He was assisted home. It seems the place is a regular rendezvous for a certain class, and not a few have missed money and jewelry there.

On every skating day some of the deaf are to be found at Van Cortlandt Lake and the Central Park lakes.

February 22d is the date of the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society's ball, and not February 21st, as erroneously printed in this column last week.

George W. Wormuth has got out cards announcing his business as cabinetmaker and upholsterer, and already has received some orders. He generally does business on his own hook, and is an adept at almost anything.

George Lindemann finds Brooklyn agrees with him. Since his removal there some months ago he has gained twenty pounds, but now he really wishes it will not increase any more.

In the second edition of the memorandum book for the deaf issued in Germany, two American societies are among the lists of associations of the deaf, the Pas-a-Pas Club of Chicago, and the German Deaf-Mutes Society of this city.

The secretary of the Union League has received a very touching letter from Miss Elizabeth Peet, thanking them for the note of sympathy and condolence passed on the death of Dr. I. L. Peet.

John Mooney, of Bronx Borough, is now in the employ of a contractor holding municipal jobs at painting.

The removal of St. Ann's Church far up town does not in the least affect the congregating at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. But it is an entirely new generation from what it was a decade and a half ago. Now being composed mainly of the oral taught boys and those from the services at the Catholic Church on 16th Street.

The Guild of Silent Workers met last Thursday evening. Several suggestions were made for the betterment of the work among the sick and needy, but no definite action was taken, owing to a meagre attendance.

A. W. Henning has secured employment with the Pottier & Styms Company as wood carver.

Privates Shea and Mahoney, of the 69th Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., were the best of friends, the former residing on 23d Street and the latter on 18th Street, this city. Private Shea returned with the 69th boys on Monday, from Huntsville, Ala., but Private Mahoney arrived on Friday, a little ahead of the schedule, because he returned not as a hero, but as a corpse. Private Shea is a brother of John Shea, a deaf-mute and member of the Xavier Club. Private Mahoney was accidentally shot and killed by Private Shea at the camp of the 69th Regiment in the South, and Private Shea returned with the regiment under military arrest pending an investigation into the killing of the private. From Shea's deaf-mute brother, it was learned that the shooting was accidental and unfortunate,—a case of "Didn't know it was loaded," and that his brother fully expects to be exonerated from all blame.

Marcelles J. Laube, of Richmond, Va., is at present visiting his sister in Jersey City. He was at St. Francis Xavier's last Sunday, and dropped in at the Fifth Avenue Hotel later in the afternoon and surprised some of his old schoolmates. He returns South within two weeks.

The Manhattan basketball team

suffered another defeat at the hands of the Rockaway A. C., last Wednesday week. The score was 6 to 4. Avens was absent and A. Baxter, who played guard, had a narrow escape from death.

#### BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Second Annual Social of the season of the St. Francis De Sales Literary Society, was held last evening in the reception hall of the old Institution on Edward St., in the form of a euchre party. The admission prize was only ten cents to members and others. Another party was held at another place, but a large majority of the deaf preferred to attend the Society's party. The Society's parties are always very nice, and successfully managed, which no doubt accounts for the large attendance last evening. It was about 8.30 o'clock when the guests had all arrived.

Those who were to play cards were given their places at the tables, eight in number, and started the game of euchre. Another amusement was provided for those who did not care to indulge in card playing. This game was trunking the elephant. Little Emma Lodge, daughter of Mrs. Lodge (nee Briel), was the winner of the first prize, a beautifully framed picture. Marie Collins was awarded second prize, a salt bottle with a sterling silver cover. The euchre prizes were as follows: Miss L. Freiburger ladies prize, a gold watch chain; Rev. Father Gilmore, the gentlemen prize, a tiny nickel clock. Both expressed themselves highly pleased with their pretty prizes. At eleven o'clock all seated themselves at small tables to partake of very light refreshments, consisting of delicious ice-cream and dainty assorted cakes. Misses Carroll, and Reilly, and Messrs. Briel, Safflinger, Watts, and Walters were those who waited on the guests. Much praise is due to Mr. Briel, and Miss Carroll, who so successfully managed the affair. All present reported as having had a very pleasant time.

Those who were there were Mr. and Mrs. Briel, Mr. and Mrs. Stafflinger, Mr. and Mrs. Klein, Misses Carroll, Reilly, Maxwell, Kellner, Freiburger, Germann, Devine, Kiernan, Collins, A. Knorr, K. Knorr, Weber, Au, and Mrs. Comeluss, Mrs. Rowewis, Mrs. Lodge, Messrs. Jac Stafflinger, Jno Stafflinger, Weil, Braven, Parlour, Dobson, Walters, Wheelend, Reinlander, Schiffhauer, Schlageter, Watts, Dasher, Steinka, Sullivan, Tolner, O. Rourke, Sakaowski, Baumgarten, Gilliboly, Daly, and several more whose names I cannot remember. There were also present children of some of the deaf. At twelve o'clock the party left for home in a blinding blizzard.

The Society recently donated a handsome statue of the Sacred Heart, to the chapel of the new Institution, which was valued at \$25. On the 15th inst., a great number of deaf assembled in the chapel to witness the blessing of the statue, after which they were shown through the building.

A few days before Christmas, Miss Cecilia Cornue, a pupil at the Institution here, received a beautifully bound book of poems entitled, "A Victorian Anthology," from the Hon. Wm. R. Stewart, as a prize for having the best paper in the examination held at the Institution last June.

#### ALBANY NOTES.

Miss Carrie Barton, of Vernon, Oneida Co., is spending the winter with her niece, Mrs. McKown.

Last Sunday the Rev. Mr. Van Allen held services at Johnston and Amsterdam. At the latter place he baptized the three children of Mr. and Mrs. John S. G. Seely, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Brown being sponsors with the parents.

The deaf residents of Albany have not escaped the recent visitation of the grip. Almost all of them might be mentioned as convalescents, but we shall not trespass upon space by enumerating them.

Some of the deaf had the pleasure last week of meeting Miss Nellie Van Natta, who is a member of the Wilbur Opera Company, now playing in Troy. Miss Van Natta is a niece of Mr. N. Field Morrow, of the Indianapolis school, and uses signs very readily.

Miss Myra Warren, who has been confined to the house with rheumatism for a long time, is so much improved that she was able to be at church last Sunday.

Mr. Andrew Keenan has been elected Vice-President of the Albany Society to fill a vacancy. As Mr. Keenan was nominated for president at the last election and drew upon a tie vote, subsequently declining a nomination for the vice-presidency, his acceptance of the office at this time is evidence of his interest in the welfare of the society.

The Albany Society holds its monthly business meeting next Thursday evening. Members and intending members should make it a point to be present.

The Rev. Mr. Van Allen proposes to give a series of special Lenten lectures on the Tuesday evenings during Lent, if there is evidence that the attendance will justify it. LIBRARIAN.

## PHILADELPHIA.

### All on Account of a Goat.

#### A QUIET WEDDING.

#### A Pleasant Entertainment—All the News from Quakerdom.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

The following clipping is from the Philadelphia Record, January 26th.

Recorder Nowery's head is aching from his strained efforts to get at the head of a tale of a goat which two Camden fathers and almost unlimited numbers of their friends tried to get him to understand. It took two days for the Recorder to reach a conclusion, and now only one side is satisfied, and that is the side that got the goat.

On Wednesday, Mary Derra, a native of Poland who cannot speak English, had a quiet wedding ceremony, performed in English or any other language, being a mute, arrested. The goat in question, a nappy, is a black one with a few white spots, and was taken from Mrs. Derra's yard on Sunday last, by four boys who gave it to Schuster, who claimed it was his property and had been stolen by Mrs. Derra on December 23.

Interpreters for the Polish language and interpreters for the deaf-mute, the Recorder vainly endeavored to straighten the case out, but there was so much to be said on both sides that he adjourned the case and ordered the goat produced.

The goat, adorned with an American flag and looking somewhat dubious about so much confusion and ceremony, appeared before the Recorder between the two crowds of claimants. The perplexed Recorder thought the "nappy" would follow her real owner and his troubles would end, but the goat responded to the calls of both Schuster's grandson and Mrs. Derra, and Recorder's brow became more deeply furrowed than ever.

"It is my goat," exclaimed Mrs. Derra in rich Polish.

"Nein, nein! eet eses our coot!" cried Schuster's friends. "See, eet's hair long, eet's legs by—"

"Ach! you—you—"

Mrs. Derra's friends claimed that a young goat would follow anybody, but Schuster's friends declared that was all rot. Somehow, from the deep recesses of his mind, the Recorder evolved an idea that the Schuster had the best end of it, and allowed them to decide with the goat.

Mr. Schuster conducts a bathing establishment. Being refused a license in Woodbury, N. J., he removed to Camden a few days ago.

Miss Lucy Matilda Blackwell, of Camden, New Jersey, and Mr. William A. Miles, of this city, were quietly married by the Rev. J. M. Koehler at his residence in Germantown, on Wednesday evening, January 25th. The ceremony was witnessed by Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. Myer, and Mr. Edward Metzel. The bride is a graduate of the Trenton School. Her parents emigrated to this country from England when she was a mere child. Mr. Miles graduated from the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, then located at Broad and Pine Streets, and is a hatter by occupation.

The news of the marriage created somewhat of a surprise among the local folks, as it was not generally known that the couple had chosen the date. However the news soon spread and the happy pair have since been busy receiving the congratulations of friends. May peace, happiness, prosperity and health attend their wedded life.

A Chester, Pa., paper reports this:

Daniel McLaughlin, a deaf-mute, whose home is on an Ashmead street, had a piece of steel run into his hand about three weeks ago, and yesterday he went to the Chester Hospital, where his injury will be properly attended.

Dr. A. L. E. Crouter is announced to lecture before the Cleric Literary Association on February 9th.

On Thursday, 26th, an entertainment was given in All Souls' Hill to the people of All Souls' parish, and an unusually large number of deaf with their children were present.

Rev. J. M. Koehler first made an address of welcome, and then spoke of the good work of Santa Claus, addressing the children particularly.

Mrs. Mary H. Rocaup, who impersonated the wife of Santa, then distributed presents to the children.

After these exercises, refreshments, consisting of ham and tongue sandwiches, cakes, ice-cream and coffee, were served to the people present, and thus a pleasant evening was spent. This enjoyable entertainment was made possible by the efforts of a number of ladies of the church, among whom the following are a few: Mrs. M. J. Syle, Mrs. M. H. Rocaup, Mrs. E. E. Roop, Mrs. S. M. Hannold, and Miss Mary E. Taylor.

All the above entertainment the aged sexton and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Higgins, were remembered with a purse of \$2.50, contributed on the evening; and Mr. F. C. Smielan was also presented with a beautiful silver match-case by the members of his Bible class.

Tickets are out now for the entertainment, on February 14th, in aid of the expense fund of All Souls' Church for the Deaf. It is to be given in the parish hall of the Memorial Church of the Advocate, Eighteenth and Diamond Streets.

The programme will consist of musical renditions, recitations, and a couple of comic pantomimes. A committee of hearing ladies, Mrs. Raymond Harper (sister of Miss Dora Kintzel) and Miss Annie

Stahler, is acting jointly with a deaf committee, which consists of Messrs. Chas. W. Waterhouse and R. E. Underwood. The entertainment will be preceded by an address by Rev. J. M. Koehler. John P. Walker, Esq., will act as interpreter for the hearing portion of the audience, which is expected to be large. The admission price will be twenty-five cents. A pleasant and profitable evening is anticipated.

Recently, Peter Huster, a cigar maker, paid his first visit to New York City. He relates that the visit gave him both pleasure and pain. And this is how it happened. He enjoyed sight-seeing in the great metropolis immensely, and finally reached the famous Bowery. "Buncoed," the reader will think; but no. Yet it was there where his pleasure suddenly turned into pain. Everything there seemed very fascinating to him, except possibly the sidewalk for he saw all but this, and in walking along he nearly performed a feat similar to that of Aladdin of old. Fortunately, the hole was not as big as the one through which Aladdin disappeared, being only an open coal-hole, and while one leg shot down the other maintained high ground, throwing his body into the most uncomfortable position imaginable. Willing hands soon helped him to his feet and he then left the Bowery in disgust.

Mr. Franklin Jones, of Longwood, Pa., visited the city over Sunday.

Miss Maggie Laird is the latest victim of the grip, at her home on Petty's Island, Delaware River.

We regret to report that Mrs. Frederick Buch lies critically ill at her home.

Mrs. Charles H. Sharraz is convalescing from her recent illness.

Miss Deputy will return to her home in Milford, Del., to-day, having changed her former plan to stay.

Solomon Bacharach attended the wedding of his brother, Henry, to Miss J. Marcus last Wednesday evening, and reports a fine time. The affair took place in a hall where about 300 guests were assembled.

The JOURNAL reporter came near being made the subject of a huge surprise, last Wednesday evening, in honor of his birthday on the 22d of January. A later day was chosen to make sure of the surprise, but circumstances willed otherwise. A smaller surprise, but none the less enjoyable one took its place.

Jan. 30, '99. J. S. R.

#### The Eden Musee is the Home of the Cinematographe.

When the Cinematographe or moving picture machine was first invented a few years ago, it was believed that it would amount to little more than an ingenious scientific toy. The Eden Musee was one of the first institutions in this country to secure it. It amounted to little in its unperfected condition. But the Musee employed skilled mechanics, and the result was that changes were gradually made which caused the Cinematographe to become a wonderful instrument. No less than a dozen inventions were made and perfected by these mechanics, and the result is that the machines used at the Musee now are more perfect than any others in the world. The vibration of the pictures is reduced to a minimum, and the scenes are reproduced so distinctly that it seems like seeing the original scene. It was the Musee which first attempted to reproduce the pictures in colors and the success met with is shown by the fact that recently the whole second act of the opera Martha was reproduced at the Musee in colors. Over forty thousand pictures were used and each picture was colored by hand. With improved photographic machines, artists of the Musee have been in almost every part of the world. The recent war with Spain was photographed and there is exhibited daily at the Musee a Panorama of the whole war from Tampa to the Battle of San Juan, and the surrender of Santiago. It is this great success that has caused the Cinematographe to become a permanent feature of the Musee and henceforth the Musee will be known as the "Home of the Cinematographe." Other pleasure institutions give occasional exhibitions of moving pictures, but they are made a chief feature at the Musee. An exhibition is given every hour and there is a new set of views each hour. Thus it is possible for visitors to see as many sets of views as they desire. The most interesting and elaborate sets of pictures are used. Some of them seem to be magical illusions and even bordering on the supernatural. The other features of the Musee are not neglected. The afternoon and evening concerts are always popular and interesting, and the wax groups, countless in number, are a continual and lasting source of instruction and entertainment.

Probate Judge Galloway refused to commit Nora McVicker to the Girls' Industrial school Friday, but took a humane view of her condition, and station in life and secured admittance for her into the deaf and dumb institution. The girl's condition is extremely pitiful, for besides being unable to speak or hear, her mind is somewhat affected.

Inquiry at the Superintendent's office this morning failed to show that the girl in question had been brought there.

The will of the late Rev. Benj. Talbot was probated Saturday. He left his entire estate to his wife. As she had died before the will offered, the entire property goes to the four children in equal shares. It is valued at \$5,300.

General Robert Kennedy, a former trustee of the institution, has been tendered and has accepted the position as one of the commissioners to look after the transportation of troops and supplies of the U. S. Army.

The Home will soon be in need of a double set of harness, and to meet the expenses thereof, Mr. A. H. Schory has started a "Harness Fund," to which those willing to give their mite are asked to contribute. It starts out with \$15 given by five persons.

Mr. Frank Restman returned Saturday afternoon from his western trip, for pleasure and health. Some of his friends here welcomed him back by a surprise party in the evening, at which a general good time was had, and the party regaled with an account of his trip and of his visit to the Wisconsin School.

Miss Lulu Burkett, of Springfield, Ohio, was recently admitted to the Home.

Mr. B. O. Sprague is acquainting himself with the mixing of paste and glue, as usual in the making of books, in other words he has secured a place in the State bindery. He re-

## STATE OF OHIO.

### Gave the Superintendent a Birthday Party.

#### A PECULIAR CASE.

#### Brevities.

#### ST. LOUIS.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The first half of the present school year ended with Tuesday evening, and, on Wednesday morning, the second half was entered upon. The monthly examinations began Thursday, and will be completed Monday.

Superintendent Jones' birthday anniversary fell on Wednesday of this week, and, as he has been his custom, he gave the children a treat. This time, it was candy, which he distributed among them during the evening study hour. The girls had planned to have him in their recreation hall after supper to extend to him the good wishes of the day, but for reasons best known to him, he gracefully declined, and, in place, met the whole school, as above stated. On reaching his rooms after his meeting with the children, he found himself cornered by his own children, who had prepared a party for him, made up of institution people. There were musical renderings and other pleasantries during the evening, such as was well calculated to make one's life journey enjoyable. Last evening, the annual reception to the High School Class pupils was given by Superintendent and Mrs. Jones. The affair took place in the library and "B" center hall. In addition to the H. S. members, the A, B, and C, Intermediate Classes participated. From seven until ten, the members passed the time in games and small talk. A very fine lunch was served in the meantime in the officers' dining room. The affair was a source of much pleasure to all concerned.

It is the custom of the Ladies' Aid Society each year to tender a reception to the retiring officers of the Association, and it is a well-earned compliment too. Last evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Neutzling, on Mt. Vernon Avenue, were gathered some thirty or forty deaf people to do honor to the Ladies who had but recently laid aside the duties devolved upon them as officers of the Association. The evening proved a very enjoyable one to all. A fine lunch was served to all who cared to partake, at the expense of the society. Several games helped to pass the time pleasantly, and all left with best wishes for the old and new officers.

The following two items are taken from the *Columbus Evening Press*:

#### PECULIAR CASE

Judge Galloway will have a peculiar case to pass upon Friday. Nora McVicker, a deaf dumb girl, is to be placed on trial for failing to attend school. Her parents claim that they are unable to send her to the state institution and that they need her services at home. Truant Officer Jones is pushing the case, but it is understood the claim will be made that he has no authority to prosecute the case on the grounds that he is a city officer, and the city has no place in which the girl can be educated.

Probate Judge Galloway refused to commit Nora McVicker to the Girls' Industrial school Friday, but took a humane view of her condition, and station in life and secured admittance for her into the deaf and dumb institution. The girl's condition is extremely pitiful, for besides being unable to speak or hear, her mind is somewhat affected.

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sides with his family on Champron Avenue.

Mr. L. Odebrecht, teacher of the 1st High School class, is quite a chess player, in fact, can tackle the best of them. On Thursday he with Governor Bushnell's executive clerk, Mr. Opha Moore and Dr. W. L. Gares, went up to Urbana to witness the champion chess player of the U. S. give an exhibition of the game.

Jan. 28, '99

#### ST. LOUIS.

The missionary bishop of Alaska remarked to the JOURNAL correspondent recently, that there were a number of deaf-mutes within his field, and that during the past year he had known of as many as fifty within the Arctic circle. No provision whatever seems to have been made for their education. The manualists do not appear to be particularly attracted to that benighted community, while oralists intuitively recognize the fact that speech cannot be made recognizable through a screen of limber icicles.

A feature of this week's local amusements is a boxing tournament for amateurs, under the auspices of the West End Club. Mr. Alexander Schenk, late of the Day School, is one of the contestants for the gold medal. In the first series, he made a favorable impression for science and endurance, and defeated his opponent, who was somewhat heavier than he. Alexander is probably the lightest boxer in the tournament, and if he sits down at all it will be to rest, and not, like his illustrious namesake, to cry for something more to conquer.

Mr. Nathan Shearer, of Mexico, Mo., is in the city for a few days. He has been a travelling salesman for an ingenious pancake turner and kitchen knife. The turner is a marvel. You insert it under the batter, press a spring, and skyward goes the cake turning a mid-air somersault in its flight and landing exactly on the same spot from which it started. If for any reason the cake fails to return from its celestial flight, the cook is advised to make an analysis of the overhanging plaster.

Mr. Edward Kelling is reported as having gone and taken unto himself a wife—a young lady of Indiana. Mr. Samuel Perlmutter will do likewise in the near future—and in Indiana too. In the long run there is as much enchantment in nearness as in distance, and we respectfully suggest to St. Louis youths in quest of conjugal happiness, that they do not go elsewhere until the home supply has been exhausted.

Mr. Charles Berry and Mrs. Allen Berry Stephens mourn the death of their mother, which occurred in Brighton, Ill., recently. Miss Della Pearce also mourns the death of her father.

Miss Sadie Teckemeyer, a young lady pupil of the Day School, died last Thursday, after a lingering illness.

Mrs. W. E. Guss, recently visited Jacksonville, the guest of Mrs. D. W. George.

Mr. Fred Westenberger, of Springfield, Ill., is in the city looking for employment.

Mrs. James S. Chenery leaves in a few days to make an extended visit with relatives at Alpena, Mich.

Mr. A. G. Rodenberger is a student in the evening class at the Art Institute.

#### ROCHESTER.

On the 24th of this month a surprise party was given at the cosy residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Gibbs, it being the anniversary of the birthday of Mrs. Gibbs. The party numbered twenty-two, and Mr. Charles Gibbs formerly of Utica planned and arranged the party, and it proved successful. An evening of delight and sociability was spent by those present. Whist was played, and the occasion was one which will be remembered by all who were present for years to come.

For the ladies Mrs. Wood was the lucky winner of the first prize, a very pretty small dish, decorated with flowers and trimmed with ribbons. The gentleman's prize was won by Mr. Chas. Stein, a scarf pin. Refreshments were served, and the remainder of the evening was spent socially until just before midnight, when the merry makers separated, wishing Mrs. Gibbs prosperity and many happy returns. She was made the happy recipient of a number of presents, and received the congratulations and good wishes of all. The following made up the party: Rev. Mr. Dantzer, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Goodison, Mr. and Mrs. Stein, Mr. and Mrs. Wackerman, Mrs. Phillips of Honey Falls, Mrs. Zimmerman, Misses McClurg, Anna McMaster, Louisa Lauer, Tillie Smith, Myra Gage, Lulu Wackerman, and Messrs. Stevens, Critchley, Richard Brown, John Francis, and Mr. Stowell of Perry.

LULU.

An English syndicate is negotiating for the purchase of all Mexican breweries.



## FANWOOD.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Compared with last year, there has not been very much skating among the boys. Saturday is the only day they can get off, and as luck would have it, the ice at Van Cortlandt Park, Crotona, and other places, is generally in good condition during the other days of the week, and on Thursday and Friday, the boys would be getting their skates ready, in anticipation of a good day's sport at either of the lakes. Friday dawns somewhat hazy with the temperature at the forty-degree mark, and everything damp and disagreeable, including the temper of the boys. Saturday holds no brighter prospects, for a drizzling rain falling steadily, sets a wet blanket on our hopes and everything else in general. Whereupon there is much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, and the hopes of yesterday are nowhere. It is useless to console us then. Who knows but it may be the last chance of the year.

The above is what has happened for several weeks past, since the cold weather put the ice in good condition, and several of the boys have been to Van Cortlandt Park only once. But away with moping. Last Saturday was as cold as any skater would wish it to be. Quite a crowd of the larger boys went down to a large pond near 155th Street, and there set the pace for the other skaters who were before them. They played tag, hockey, did fancy stunts or formed a long file, and went skimming around, and around the pond, in a way that made the other skaters wonder at their recklessness. Your scribe's prophecy that Anton Suk would not be able to use his new skates did not come true. He grinned, as he went racing around the pond, and sarcastically told me his prophecies "cut no ice" with him. At five o'clock all were back again with cheeks the color of full blown roses, and noses of the same soft summer hue.

Saturday evening the monthly reunion took place. The boys and girls' sitting rooms were used. The little ones enjoying themselves in the boys' sitting room and the older ones in the girls' sitting room. Miss Gertrude Turner and Emil Mayer engineered the affair on behalf of the pupils. The rest of the teachers and officers all lent a hand to make the evening as enjoyable as possible for all concerned.

A small puddle formed in a corner of the boys' playground. It was discovered by some of the little boys and carefully nursed and encouraged to grow larger by sundry bucketfuls of water carried to and fro. It has assumed quite respectable proportions and the cold snap has rendered it solid, and the little boys are enjoying their skating quite as much as the older boys on the larger lakes. Great rinks from little puddles grow.

Principal Currier returned Sunday, from a ten days' absence, looking much better for his trip. On Monday morning he visited the various class rooms and gave a few figures concerning his trip. He travelled almost 2,700 miles; visited six large institutions; saw 1,734 deaf children; 2,300 insane people; 250 blind; and shook hands with the governors of the States of Ohio and Indiana, and about 100 teachers of various schools for the deaf. We hope to hear a more detailed account of his trip, some day in the near future.

J. H. K.

## STATE OF IOWA.

Now comes the complaint which is made about various matters in the schools. There is one complaint that too much time is consumed in the public schools teaching the rudiments of vocal music, while the multiplication table is neglected. There is a complaint that there is too much time spent in the schools for the deaf trying to teach articulation to children who never heard a sound in their lives. There is a complaint that there is too much time spent in the same schools teaching the sign language, while the practical English and grammatical language is neglected to a great degree in many cases. Music hath power to soothe the savage beast, and it is desirable that those whom nature has endowed with an ear for music and a good voice for song, should cultivate both and join the choir. Articulation is mechanical work on a rickety and rusty machine, trying to oil it up and make it run smoothly. Only a few succeed well in this work. The sign language is nature's language. It is most amusing to savage eyes, and it is desirable that those with keen eyes and graceful gestures should cultivate both for rapid conversation.

They cannot let them remain where their time is occupied in trilling do, ra, mi, fa, and sol, that should be devoted to ratio and proportion. In the other case they cannot allow too much time to be wasted in trying to articulate e-a-t, and so forth, when the time should be devoted to learning practical language. In the struggle for bread

and butter in after years, a knowledge of transposition will prove a detriment to ten where it helps a single one, while practical language and a knowledge of practical business and transportation will prove great benefit to all. The common schools, as well as the schools for the deaf, were created and are maintained for the dissemination of common and useful facts necessary for the intelligent and able-bodied existence of its beneficiaries after an honorable graduation at the head of the class.

This complaint is not confined to one location alone. It affects many popular educational centers, as well as the schools for the deaf, and deserves to be written and talked about until all the fads of music, pronunciation, drawing, modelling in clay, painting in colors, et cetera, are eliminated from the common schools for all time to come.

Give the kids a chance.  
JUDGE DE COURSEY.  
January, 1899.

## EDGEWOOD PARK, PA.

Between eight and ninety of Pittsburgh's deaf people enjoyed the social given by St. Margaret's Mission on the evening of the 20th inst. Many persons met there who had not seen each other for many a day, and as a consequence conversation was animated and the amusements of the evening participated in with zest, and every body seemed to thoroughly enjoy the opportunities for social intercourse there afforded. Among those present may be mentioned Rev. A. W. Mann, Dr. J. G. Brown, President of our Board of Trustees; Mr. Stewart, Mr. Downing of the School, and Mr. and Mrs. Rolhouse. Mrs. Rolhouse, by the way, who is still somewhat of a stranger here, was industriously making acquaintances so, presumably, it won't be long until she will have forgotten his ever lived in Reading.

When addresses were in order, Rev. Mr. Mann invited Dr. Brown, as father of deaf-mute education in Western Pennsylvania, to the platform. Dr. Brown is getting pretty old, but he scorned the service of an interpreter and made his address, which was much appreciated, in signs. The doctor likes to show his interest in the deaf on every opportunity. Other addresses, humorous and otherwise, were made, after which refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, cake, ice cream and coffee, were served.

After the inner man was satisfied, a "fish pond," under the management of Mr. Allabough, was put in operation. Everybody seemed anxious to prove himself an angler, for the "pond" was kept in constant agitation until it went dry, or at least until the "fish" had entirely disappeared. The "pond" netted a mickle sum for the Mission. Altogether the social was a great success as is invariably the case with whatever is managed by Mr. Allabough.

Such beautiful grip weather as we are having! The mercury in the thermometer has been galloping up and down at a rate that necessitates keeping the instrument from contact with anything that will burn, for, as is well known, friction may cause a fire. Victims of the weather's fickleness are numerous but luckily not many of the pupils are on the list. The principal, Mr. Burt, has been confined to his bed for some time, and at one time it was feared his case would be serious and a trained male nurse was employed. We are glad to say, however, the patient is now on the mend and with continued care will soon be himself again.

Miss Orr is also down with the grip. She has been suffering for two weeks but is reported a little better. Mrs. Burt has charge of her class during her enforced absence.

Mr. Williams, the porter, has gone home to recuperate after a severe tussle with influenza.

Mr. F. Gray honored us with an all-day visit recently and there was "some talk" during the time, you may well believe. Mr. Gray's specialty is making lenses and other glasses to help people see things clearly, but it doesn't follow that he looks at everything through his own glasses. He likes to see things as "others see them," too. His employment on a government job, however, seems to have biased him somewhat, for he has come to think that Uncle Sam is all-sufficient. He thinks we should expand in every way possible, no matter whose corns may be trodden on. He subscribes to the idea that, "the flag once raised should never come down."

Whew! Since we wrote the preceding there has been half a dozen changes of temperature. We felt the balmy breath of Spring, when we commenced this letter, and now the Northwind is busy decorating our window panes with frost-work and icicles, besides worrying us with practical jokes, such as stuffing up our water pipes and blowing shivers down our back. But patience. We will get through this—some day.

G. M. T.

Italy exported last year ancient and modern works of art to the value of \$600,000, over one-half the exportation going to Germany.

## EDISON'S GREAT STROKE.

HOW A CLEVER BOY MADE FORTUNE AND FAME BY SELLING THE "DETROIT FREE PRESS."

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

Give this boy all the papers he wants on credit.  
W. F. S.

On the wall of the Edison Laboratory in Orange, N. J., the above curious sentence is framed. The writing is crabbed and the paper on which the words are written is regarded with veneration by every one in the laboratory, because it was one of the things that led Thomas A. Edison to become an inventor. Naturally, there is an interesting tale behind it, and the other day Mr. Edison told it to an old friend who called upon him to talk over the days of his youth. Here are the facts as he remembered them.

"During the war I used to sell papers on the railroad between Detroit and Port Huron. Many of the towns along the way had no local newsmen, and the people used to come down to the station every day and buy papers of the train boys. I used to get around to the newspaper office before daylight every day, and so, from loafing around the composing room, I got to know several of the printers. We used to laugh and joke with one another and we became pretty good friends. One morning I went into the office as usual and found every one in a state of excitement. Instead of joking, the printers were running about getting the takes or putting them in the forms, and the make-up men were standing on tiptoe around the stones justifying the type with a nervousness which they did not usually show. I asked several what was the matter, but they paid no attention to me. I couldn't understand it. Finally I grabbed one fellow by the apron as he started for the stone and yelled at him to tell me what the trouble was. He jerked away in a moment and said:

"Don't bother me, boy. Battle of Shiloh! Ten thousand killed!" Then he rushed down the room, his heelless slippers slapping the floor as he went.

"So a battle had been fought. Well, I knew what that meant. It meant that the paper was putting out an extra edition of war news and that it would be late. I walked down stairs slowly without thinking very deeply of the subject, when suddenly the realization of the magnitude of the affair rushed over me, and I stopped on the landing with a jerk. Ten thousand men killed! Why, the news would create a storm of excitement. No wonder the printers hurried. I jumped down stairs three steps at a time and rushed around to the telegraph office. I knew the operator at that station and I had an idea. "Hello!" he said.

"Hello," said I. "I want to send a telegram."

"Well, write it out," said he.

## EDISON'S FIRST TELEGRAM.

"But," I said, "this can't be written. You will have to fix it for me. Here's the point: Ten thousand men have been killed at a place called Shiloh. It will be in the paper this morning, and every body will want it. Now, will you telegraph these words to all the stations along the line and get the operators to paste them up—"Battle of Shiloh fought. Ten thousand killed." If you will do it, I will give you a morning paper every day for three months."

"You see, I hadn't any money and I had to reach the fellow in some way. Those papers would save him quite an amount at the rate of five cents a day. But he hesitated, so to clinch the matter I added, 'And I will give you *Harper's Magazine* for a year.'

"That settled it. He agreed to do it, and I knew that if he kept his promise I would have customers enough waiting for me along the line. Then I went over and saw the fellow who gave out the papers to the carriers every day. I said to him:

"I will take a thousand this morning!" He fairly gasped at me. "You'll take a thousand papers? Well, you will lay down \$30 right now. And you will be lucky if you get 500. Papers will be scarce to-day."

## AN APPEAL TO EDITOR STOREY.

"Well, that staggered me. They had always trusted me before that, but I suppose the size of the pile and the news of the battle made him stop short. He had no jurisdiction, except in a small way, I suppose. But I was completely discouraged. Some one else would get the benefit of my advertising. I walked away in the early morning, wondering why some things never seem to work out right. I passed around by the door of the editorial office, which was pure luck, for I did not notice where I was walking. It gave me a thought. Upstairs the editor of the paper probably was at work on his leaders. At that time the editor of the *Detroit Free Press* was W. F. Storey, a fearless writer and a good newspaper man, but a martinet of

the most cross-grained school. His associates approached him at ordinary times with fear and trembling, and now, with the rush of the morning on him, he probably would be worse than a bear. But he was my last hope, so I went up the stairs and knocked at his door. I got no answer, but I could see a light inside, so I knocked again. No answer. Then I opened the door. He was sitting at a desk on the opposite side of the room. His back was turned toward me, and he was scribbling away for dear life.

"Mr. Storey!" I said. I received no answer.

"Mr. Storey!" I said again, louder this time. He paid not the slightest attention to me. Apparently, I did not exist, as far as he was concerned.

"But I had made up my mind what to say to him, as I came upstairs, and I intended to say it, so I walked over and around the desk, and stood directly opposite to him. He did not look up.

"Mr. Storey," I said as firmly as I could, "I ~~am~~ a newspaper boy. I sell your paper on the trains up to Port Huron. The battle of Shiloh has been fought, and I have advertised it along the line. Now they won't trust me for a lot of papers. What will I do about it?"

## RESULT OF THE APPEAL.

"He never said a word; he never even looked up. He simply reached for a blank sheet of paper and wrote:

Give this boy all the papers he wants on credit.  
W. F. S.

"Then he went on with his leader writing and paid no more attention to me, not even when I thanked him.

"I showed the note to the delivery man, who simply whistled, but gave me the papers willingly now. I got them on to the train and we got away on time, after all.

"Now, it is curious how these things stick in one's memory. I can remember very well the crowd that waited at the first place we stopped. The people were terribly excited. They wanted those papers faster than I could give them out. There were so many waiting that I could not serve them all by the time the train pulled out. It gave me another idea. I raised the price to ten cents when we reached the next place, and I sold them as fast as I could at that. I got rid of some hundreds of papers at the first three or four places. Further on several men offered me twenty-five cents, and they were so eager that I made the nearly fatal mistake of getting down among them. Well, you never saw such a mob. They knocked me about shamefully, and I had to fight my way back to the train in time to get on before it pulled out. Then it grew worse as we went further on, for you see, the day was advancing and more people were up to hear the news, and the thought that the train might pull out at any moment always made them crazy to be waiting on. Those telegrams did their work well. Why, when we pulled into Port Huron two-thirds of my stock were gone.

## BATTLE OF THE SAND PILE.

"Just where the train entered the outskirts of the town, there was a big sand pile. In selling papers in that city, I never used to ride into the regular station. The engineer would slow up on the curve near the sand pile, and I used to jump off and work my way up through the town yelling the news as I went. I did not yell any news this day. It seems that some persons must have known about my habit of jumping, for when we pulled around the curve, there was an enormous mob waiting. Why, I never saw the town turn out so many people. At first, I did not think they were waiting for me; I thought there was some celebration on hand. But I knew what they wanted a minute afterward. When I jumped down on the sand, they gave one great yell, and came for me all together. I was frightened, and I think I would have run away, if I had had time to think, but they closed in on me on all sides, and I couldn't get away. The crush was something terrible. They screamed at me, and pulled me; they tore my clothes, and fought one another to get to me. They did not even allow me to sell the papers in the regular way. I did not have to take advantage of the situation and raise the price. They put it up for me. Men thrust twenty-five cents, fifty-cent notes, dollars and two dollars into my face and my pockets, and dragged papers away from me. Some of them would get a paper and then have to fight for it afterward. It was fiendish, and they still kept it up after the papers were all gone, and I stood there with my hands and pockets full of money. Why, I never got off the sand pile, and I was a sight when they got through.

"Well, when I pulled myself together and pinned up the rents so I could go into town, and counted my money, I found I was about \$150 ahead on the day. I went back and paid my bill at the paper office, and the money, well, I did

things with that, too. But what was more to the point, I saw that all that happened had really resulted from those telegrams. I thought if the telegraph would do such a wonderful thing, there must be something in it worth studying. I did study it and that practically is what led me into the business of inventing."

## INSTEAD OF SHOULDER BRACES.

A gymnasium director of long experiences disapproves of shoulder braces. They weaken, so he thinks, the muscles whose function it is to keep the shoulders in the normal position. This they do in two ways: by relieving the muscles, of their work, and by putting a constraint upon them, so depriving them of a normal supply of blood. Instead of artificial shoulder braces, he recommends the frequent and persistent use of exercises specially adapted to promoted an erect carriage.

It is not enough, he says, to work an hour or so daily in a gymnasium.

The proper exercises should be taken many times a day, and therefore be of a sort that can be practiced anywhere and without special apparatus. Some of the habits and exercises on which he lays stress are as follows:—

1. Make it a rule to keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar.
2. Roll the shoulders back ward and downward.
3. Try to squeeze the shoulder blades together many times a day.
4. Stand erect at short intervals during the day—"head up, chin in, chest out, shoulders back."
5. Walk or stand with the hands clasped behind the back and the elbows wide apart.
6. Walk about, or even run upstairs, with from ten to forty pounds on the top of the head.
7. Try to look at the top of your highest vest or your necktie.
8. Practice the arm movements of breast-stroke swimming while standing or walking.
9. Hold the arms behind the back.
10. Carry a cane or umbrella behind the small of the back or behind the neck.
11. Put the hands on the hips, with elbows back and fingers forward.
12. Walk with the thumbs in the armpoles of the vest, but keep your hands out of your trousers pockets.
13. When walking, swing the arms and shoulders strongly backward.
14. Stand now and then during the day with all the posterior parts of the body so far as possible, touching a vertical wall.

The foregoing exercises, it will be seen, are happily varied, and are, many of them, such as can be practiced by anybody in almost any occupation. If he cannot use one he can another.

The director goes on to say that even in a gymnasium a man must be on his guard against forms of exercises that tend to induce a stooping posture. "As round shouldered as a gymnast," he says, has almost passed into a proverb.

He recommends also what he calls a "lie-a-bed exercise." "Stand on the back of the head, the back shoulders, and the heels by arching the back," and repeat operation a dozen times or so every day.—*Youths' Companion*.

## The Ladder on the Chimney.

Slender iron ladders are often seen attached to great smokestacks, and especially to big, lofty fire-brick lined stacks of iron. Sometimes in the case of twin iron chimneys standing close together a light spiral stairway is run up between them to the top, serving the purpose of a ladder and being more convenient.

It doesn't cost very much to build in a ladder as the chimney goes up, and there is then in place a permanent and convenient means of getting at any part of the chimney, inside or out, for any purpose. Brick chimneys are sometimes lined with firebrick, and they are also sometimes built with a space between the flue and the outer structure. If for any reason it should be desired to get at the interior of a chimney, the ladder affords a ready and convenient means of access to the top, from which a man can be lowered in a bos'n's chair. In the case of chimney caps, built perhaps of a number of pieces, the ladder gives a convenient means, already in place, for getting at the top of the chimney for any repairs that may be necessary.

The more common uses of the ladder, however, are those to which it is primarily devoted on iron chimneys, upon which it is most commonly found—to make more convenient the periodical inspection of the chimney and to make the chimney easier of access for its regular painting.—*New York Sun*.

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